

morning dawned, the fond mother bent under the crushing conflict of hope and fear. ~~Yet hope was still strong that she should again see her dear children alive.~~ Every man met for consultation and concert of action. They separated themselves within hearing distances, and simultaneously moved forward, covering the whole territory as they went. It was agreed that if the children were found, guns should immediately be fired. In this manner they marched forward; every man's eye intently fixed upon every object his field of vision covered. They moved on with breathless anxiety till about nine o'clock, when the report of a gun sent a thrill of joy through every heart. Presently another and another gun gave assurance to hope, and brought the whole company around the rescued children.

It seems that a certain hunter, familiar at Mr. Mumford's, while eagerly searching for the lost ones, heard the little dog bark, that had strayed with and attended the children in their wanderings. He at once recognized the sound, and immediately bent his course towards it, and found the children sitting under some bushes. He gave the appointed signal, which brought together the whole company. With joy in every countenance, the multitude returned with them to their home. The mother clasped them in her arms and wept a flood of tears. It was a melting scene; strong, hardy men of the forest were overcome with emotion.

The children soon told their own story. They had wandered the first day in search of home, till night

overtook them. Exhausted, they sat down, and the "dark night" gathered about them. The older one gathered a few leaves for a bed, and they laid down together, with little "Trip" (which was the dog's name), by the side of them. Presently "two big gray dogs," as they called them, "came and put their paws on a log," and looked over at them; but little "Trip," bristling up, ran and drove them off. These were undoubtedly wolves, that had followed their track. The next day they wandered about, gathering a few berries to satisfy their hunger. "My child, where did you sleep last night," inquired the mother of the youngest, who was not yet able to speak plainly. "Under a 'little goon tee'" was the innocent reply. The elder sister said she cried in the night, because she was cold, and asked her to pull the clothes over her. They had become fearful of everything. They had heard frightful stories about the Indians, and were afraid of those who were searching for them, and would hide from them when they came near or heard their call. It is thought they never would have been found had it not been for the little dog that accompanied them.

#### VII. ROADS.

A few words are due in the history of this township with reference to the first roads here constructed. No State in the Union has manifested more enterprise in the construction of roads than Pennsylvania. As early as the year 1712 it was the custom of the proprietaries, and afterwards of the Commonwealth,